

placed himself dead upon the spear.
"That hour was rich with death, Redwald,
the freeter has another husband, I will try
to teach with the spear's point."
Another hour was finished—the farmer's horse
died. Walfrida had prepared himself as
a federal had done: there came, however, only
one half-grown screech. Walfrida snatched up
and let them pass: but as he was turning away,
he heard the broadest crackling, and the dogs
were barking behind. He had hardly time to
upon his knee and bring his spear up before
he was upon him. The spear's point did not
strike the animal's body; and before Walfrida
could make, the beast's neck was felled in his
midst, and, had not Redwald quickly upturned
the animal with his spear, Walfrida's body would
have been ripped up by the task. As it was,
though it had not time to tear the fish, the task
was done and made a fearful loss.

"The foresters made a litter of boughs, and carried Walthere home, and melancholy were our countenances of all, both Edith and I, for Edith of Skenbury attended his bedside, and bound up his wound. Night and day she sat by his couch watching the changes of his fever, or altering the bandages, or putting ointments in his wound. At length the fever left him, and strength was returning to his limbs, and he talked about leaning on his staff. One evening I said, 'Edith, I enjoy my life here, but I am weary of sitting by his couch, and I would prefer to make me a truly happy.' The foresters and Edith also remained silent." Before I reached the island, my mind was (now as the air, I had) care beyond that of the passing moment; but now my mind is full of anxious thoughts, and hopes and fears. Since I first beheld you, my sweet Edith, my bosom burns with love to be close to, and I shall be the happiest of men. Say at you live me not, and I shall be the most unhappy."

Edith colored deeply, and her looks were

"O generous France of the Angles! my land and my life are at your disposal. Each of Steady is an orphan, and you are her only kinship; it is for you to bestow her hand and her hands upon whom it may please you. She knows her duty of a Scotch maiden too well to question me, or to speak of her own wishes. I am sure, as you have thought to honor me above all the maidens that I have ever seen, to bestow on me the prize that the future of my race are giving for, it is but right that I should tell you, at least, though I would serve you in all humility and loyalty; yet that love which is already planted another it is not in my power to bestow. Well, if I am not worthy of you—I could not render you happy."

"We will here and the maiden long looked upon a ground as sincere—their words were very sorrowful. And length Will here asked, 'Fare ye who holds your affections here you return?'

"That I know not."

"Now it flashes across my mind. The tone of your beautiful comments with me."

"How far, it is not right that I should tell you, at least I would serve you in all humility and duty; yet that love which is already pronounced another it is not in my power to bestow. Would I were not worthy of you—I could not render you so happy."

"We will here and the maiden long looked upon a ground of silence—they were both very sorrowful. And length Wulf here asked,

"Dost he who holds your affections have you return?"

"—That I know not."

"Now it flashes across my mind. The tone voices—the devoted energy with which you have fought for Hindwale's life—Have I guessed right?"

"The maiden gave no answer, but her cheek was tinged with a deeper crimson. Wulf here lifted his headman.

"—Hush Hindwale here. Hindwale, speak truly, do you love this maiden?"

"Hindwale replied, 'I do from the bottom of my heart, but I fear she returns not my love.'

"Wulf here said, 'You are both believers in

" 'That I know not.'
 " 'Now it flashes across my mind. The tone
 voice—the detested energy with which you
 prayed for Redwald's life—Have I guessed
 right?'
 " 'The master gave no answer, but her cheek
 was tinged with a deeper crimson. 'Will here
 visit his henchman.'
 " 'Bring Redwald here. Redwald, speak truly.
 do you love this maiden?'
 " 'Redwald replied, 'I do from the bottom of
 my heart, but I fear she returns not my love.'
 " 'Will here said, 'You are both believers in
 the Christian truth: let Eoppa pronounce an
 oath on you, that God may punish the sinner.'
 " 'It was done so.
 " 'Then said Will here, 'The south wind which
 we blow will to-morrow fill my sail. I will
 save you, my dear friends, and this beautiful
 land, never to return again. Gorothe the
 islanders is justice, as I have done. Eadward,
 the king of the South Saxons, will protect you
 with his powerful arms, for I was his sponsor in
 baptism.'

"I will be glad, I do from the bottom of
 my heart, but I fear she returns not my love."
 "I will have said," You are both believers in
 the Christian truth; let Ezeias pronounce his
 blessing on you, that God may prosper the com-
 mission he has given.
 "It was done so."
 "Then said Wulf here, 'The south wind which
 blows will to-morrow fill my sail. I shall
 have you, my dear friends, and this beautiful
 land, never to return again. Gladden the as-
 siders in justice, as I have done. Elected,
 of the King of the South Saxons, will protect you
 with his powerful arms, for I was his sponsor in
 baptism."
 "The next day Wulf here entered his ship;
 and so he took his leave of Redwald and Ead-
 bard, passed his rough land across his eyes. Fare-
 well!"

From Column - One Month for July.

WE MEET IN CROWDS!

BY BEN. C. BARNES WILSON.

'We meet in crowds! who come to meet all lonely,
 Where the soft music-murmurs trembling in the shade -

king of the South Saxons, will protect you
with his powerful arms, for I was his sponsor in
aptism.

The next day Wulf had entered his ship:
and as he took his leave of Rowland and Ead-
ward, he pressed his rough hand across his eyes. " Fare-
well."

FROM COLUMBA'S NEW MONTHLY FOR JULY.
WE MEET IN CROWDS!

BY HEN. C. BARNES WILSON.

I've meet in crowds! who one to meet all lonely,
Where the soft muscadelines trembling in the shade -
Where, for the voice are interchanging, now only
Are the cold courtesies of fashion paid!

I've meet in crowds! when sunny mirth is lighting
The flashing eye, but reaches not the heart:
Here Pleasure brims the cup, with smiles stirring,
And lures her victims, with a siren's art.

I've meet in crowds! - ah, how unlike the meeting
Of bosoms hewn, in those sweet by-gone hours
Thou mettest in the crowd! Thou wert not there

I meet in crowds—who one to meet all lonely,
 Where the soft musicless trembling in the shade,
 And for the voice are interchanged, now only
 Are the cold courtesies of fashion paid:
 I meet in crowds—where empty mirth is lighting
 The flashing eye, but reaches not the heart:
 Here Pleasure loans the cup, with smiles returning,
 And leaves her victim, with a frown's art.
 I meet in crowds—ah, how unlike the meeting
 Our hours have, in those sweet by-gone hours
 Two Time's swift points seemed an endless meet-
 ing,
 And youth's light footsteps tread alone on flowers:
 I meet in crowds—as strangers, cold and sadly,
 Who never had met, nor e'er may meet again:
 I part—and if each memory dwells, madly,
 Reminds the wound that time for aye may stain:
 —————
 EDWARD WEBSTER—LORD BROUGHAM

in crowds—*but, how unlike the meeting*
Our hearts have, in close secret, gone before
But Time's swift pains send an ambulant fleet,
And youth's light kourages tread alone on flowers!
We meet in crowds!—as strangers, cold and sadly,
Who ne'er had loved, not e'er may meet again:
O ye part!—and in each bosom, dead, sadly,
Remember the wound that cannot for aye remain!

—

DANIEL WEBSTER—LORD BROUGHTON

Among the stores of intelligence brought by the English Webster, we find certain made of Webster shown to Mr. Webster in the English nobility and gentry, and especially by Lord Broughton, who was the "chancellor" of Mr. W. to the Westminster Convention, and introduced him to the Judges. *

In our minds there is something peculiarly striking to this coincidence. Both the architects at their own utterances, something alike from the people; the one a statesman, the other the defender of the constitution; both pre in the presence of their intellects and of their forms, both of them, both of them, both of them.

DANIEL WIGHTER—JOED BROGHAM

Among the names of influence brought by the West Wingers, we find certain names of olden times shown to Mr. Webster by the English nobility and gentry, and especially by Lord Bunsfield, the "chancellor." Mr. W. to the Westminster Court, and introduced him to the Judges.

In our midst there is something peculiarly striking in this conduct. Both the architects of their own careers, wearing like from the people; the one in the order of a queen, the other the defender of the constitution; both yet in the power of their intellects and the meridian of their lives; both claiming as a privilege, as two great commoners with the crown, to bring between them both commoners, but not comrades—the one of the New England farmer, the Yankee teacher, and the plebeian Pennsylvanian enter into our arms the former police, and now the republicans of ages. In this there is something to warm up ambition and justify ambition, for genius is not of nations, nor truth, nor quality: on the rich and the noble, we can look down with contempt, for it is weakness in comprehensible terms, to be the right of an earlier century, and grant the importance of a revolution.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

speakers of our institutions has gone abroad, proud that they may say as it, James that the children of the new images are not alien to the land of their institutions, albeit a monarchy; and especially proud that new altitudes are bestowed on the relation of the new world, and not on the other hand. We can however take the feelings of Sir. Webster, as a lawyer, as a statesman, and as an American, among Webster's (that) with the acknowledged greatest intellect England has a minister, were written a while before it was a trial and struggle of justice and conscience with justice. In this brief space we could not the record of many trials, and although the dark eye and bearded brow of the son of the granite state may have been as calm and dark as a flint, yet, we would for it, the life blood beat quicker at the bottom, and the flash of exultation crimsoned the cheek.

What has bodden Den of Webster may be the last of any one conscious of intellect to deceive it. This is an age and a cause great for intellectual renown, the dance and the tournament, mere trial of military grace, a hunt for a down in the lists before the power of the pen and of arguments; communications are carried more by the shock of words and used more in arms and men, only men, who has the gift of content, courage and knowledge, who is the

attention with malice. In this brief 'son' was concord,
and the reward of many toils, and almost a
year and bewilder'd brow of none of the grange state
may have been as calm and such as a faint word, yet
and word for it, the blood-bred quaker at the table
and the flesh of education commended the shock.

What now babbles from Webster's pen, the
yet no one conscious of intellect to deceive it. Thus
to an age and some element for intellectual renown,
the doctor and the court-mart, more than
any grange a, have got as down in the last lines the
cover of the pen and of eloquence; communications
invited more by the shock of words and more than
of arms and sons; any man, who has the gift of
gentle industry and study, and who will for facts his
experience, may vindicate to himself the applause of
nature, and who can call what he does, both as
man. 2

Using nothing in birth, obedience or death, both of
the men we leave spoken of as he roars and as he
and with unobscured power in the briefest regions
of public advice, dignity and content. The first of course
and makes us active to their insight of wrongs
and no less that their *own* *passions* will yield more
in the storm of the nation, living themselves
father, region to which they have risen, they may gain

are more than the shock of words, and men take these words as signs, only men, who have the gift of speech, industry and study, and who will say that as men, they may vindicate to himself the applause of his country, but when can self talk be done at all in a man?

Use up nothing but truth, obedience or love, both of the most rare latest notions of the present and more distant and with successive power in the future regions of public affairs, dignity and content. The art of eloquence is relative to their attempt of writing; there need be no fear that these attempts will yield either in their style or the substance, living themselves, and that their efforts to gain the things they have, may be gone down on the tablets of history of them be and will be a only away the successful result. As with them, so it may be with others; and we will hold them as examples to continue to exert them. There are many things which may be present to such information and to justice to Webster and Brown, when they are in the air. But will those things now keep on? In the coming effort, as much, may men take in the gift of mind, for the fountain of success. And so long as both of these things and again, men will gradually turn from the pulchritude and greatness of a

to the fact that these people, who yearn to live in better homes or the suburbs, living thousands in that latter region to which they have come, they may gain some of the fulgent gratitudes of those here, and so only await the successful result. As with them, so it may be with others; and we hold them up as examples to stimulate to exertion. There are many young men who can pretend to so much information and wisdom to Webster and Douglass, many of these; but will these young men keep on? In the exerting effort, no doubt, only some in the gift of mind, live the thousands of more. And so I hope that both of these mighty and agonizing problems will gradually solve from the persistence and pressure of a

10. Both of these mighty and mighty warriors will gradually turn from the pale and the pressure of a

